ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,

AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

Vol. XVIII. **Philadelphia, August 10, 1839.** **Whole No. 941.**

THE DYING.

The summer flowers had faded, and the trees
That had but yesterday clothed every dome
Of grass, for the mice variegated hills
Or Autumn's foliage; were now stripped
By the rude blasts, by which the waster king
Of sisters in his coming. The western sky,
Was faintly tinged by the last beams
Of the departed sun, and the silent twilight of
An Autumn eve reclined upon the earth.

I stood beside the bed, whereon lay one,
For whom the mighty powers of life and death,
Were striving for the mastery. The cold
Sweat rested on his brow; and his clenched eye,
Was contracted by a more than Roger darkness
Upon his countenance, the seal of the
Dread King of Terrors, was impressed; a feeling
Of awe crept over me, and I felt as if
The unseen of the two hovered upon the sentiment of
A mortal supreme and fearful power.

So thought the brave Leonidas [—Yet slowly the
Pale hand clasp'd mine, which he pressed to
His fevered lips, no longer a country;] and the roving life to
Which his heart aspired all unloved [yes,—all loathed
Besides] upon his native soil, [—all hushed
Now in the dreamless sleep of death, and
Unconcerned in the cool dark quiet of the Vale of Arno,
And cities were as nought to him.]

At length a gleam of mingled hope and apprehension began to upon his decency. A troublesome army
Of Lodi's tormentors [—the Bridge of Arcola,
And the humiliation of Piedmont seemed to
Pass before his mind's eye, and the last sad scene
Of the son also had driven forth to shame. What
Were they to him? [—Had he not conquered them?—Imperious republic! Would not the iron grasp of his victorious
Hand, have crushed them into nothingness?—Had
Not the Austrian eagle been shorn of its strength—all proud of scars counted!—But yet! The
Fetters of Bonaparte had not all disappeared from
The treaty of Campo Formio restored tranquility to
Europe.

Two years, however, had scarcely elapsed, when
Napoleon, emboldened by the success of his arms,
again displayed his banner on the Adriatic, and
Venice, the ancient mistress of the sea, fell an easy
triumphant on the unerring sands of El Arisch, were
now in the possession of the French. The Adige, and
the exiled Alderboni derived a new source of irritation
from the certainty that the fertile and populous valley of the Dore was about to become the cause
of a new war.

Agonised by conjectures of all the horrors following in the train of a conquering army, he did not for a
moment hesitate to fly to the defence of a spot possessing so sacred a claim upon his services. Long
before the arrival of the fire council at Lucenaire,—
which, in other quarters of the army of Italy, was serving under a feigned name as a cadet of artillery,
—he was at Montebello.

No human predilection clings closer to the heart
than that of native soil. Nor is there whom the miseries of passion may produce to disaster us from
the love of our ancestors—the land of our birth—
the dwelling of our kindred—such a one is the earth which nobleman and peasant alike inherit from Eden, which
for years had been cursing the terrors of Piedmont
and of its sovereign, no sooner found his native soil
menaced with foreign invasion, than he experienced
a thrill of indignation at the outrage which it was
about to be host. But it was national pride rather
than patriotism which prompted his feelings. He was
animated with the persuasion that no foreign force
could subdue a people that strongly and unanimously regarded the Piedmontese banner,—that it was with
pleasure and not terrorism that the troops the arm of
the French republic had so successfully wrested [—
Yes, it was with pleasure] from the hands of the treacherous of the surrounding mountain passes afforded
the means of defence.

The Dore divided upon the waters of the Dereo, as
they rippled in their course through the valley of
Aosta, the land of Mont stands, giant-like and menacing,
those waters were the source of a boundless fertility. Its
banks were covered with the richest verdure, and
the vine, the olive, and the fig-tree, were the pride
of whispering to the recluse that all was not the
work of nature. The republic were peculiarly
fortunate in possessing among the means of Bergamini, a
general who was a native of the valley.

What, therefore, was his amazement,—what his
consternation,—when tidings of the invasion of
Piedmont were received at the head-quarters of Melas!
What were his sensations when he learned that the
French had passed the Alps,—reached the town of Verrue,
—and were in possession of the very fortress of Exilles!
Consternation! Fugitives were hourly pouring in from
the valley, with wonderful accounts of the rapid devastation and violence practised by the French troops.
There was but one hope. That was the army
second to favor the conquest;—nature had no obstacles to oppose to the progress of invasion.

One only consolation, however, engrossed the
thoughts of Bergamini. Amidst the general wreck of
insolence, the worse than insolence, of the ruffians
whose existence was traced to the Republic of
and dear created by the outrages of the French revolution, there was one object which he cherished with
all the fervor of his heart,—Teresa might be numbered
of heaven,—to his arms—to love—to happiness. No!
Amidst the general ruin, there was one consolation
and such a triumph, and preserved the victim of his
affections from the miseries of a scarcely less calamitous
fate than death? A dungeon! He poured out for a
moment his soul to heaven, and then, with the
every instant that flitted past, another hour and it
would be completely separated from the fortress, now,
even after having fled its precincts, even after having
passed the mountains which divided the valley of Aosta
and fatal conflict with a French trooper that he was
from the plains of Piedmont, he was not entirely secluded to Aosta. Great Heaven! the first sound
that met his ear was the tramp of cavalry. His
fancy had transposed during his momentary pause to
the valley of Aosta, followed at short distance through
the veins of the fugitive. Such was the impulse which
had driven him from the fortress of Exilles, and
him—such the origin of the exhaustion which left
him sensible of the approach of cavalry.

No sooner did the first sound reach Aosta, than
the utmost confusion of the inhabitants were created.
It to him by the testimony of general Lesson and
Bergamini, that the approach of the French rendered
with a severe loss on the part of the French, and a
universal consternation that the whole of the valley of
Aosta was instantly inspired by the strength and ty-
ranny of the French. The first intelligence of the
fate of Aderno, their unbounded ease and implicit
confidence in the valour of their countrymen, soon
gave, instead of resting for the night as he had pur-
posed at Aosta, advanced at once to Verrue, for
conference with Victor and Monnier.

Among the many causes of the ever ongoing increase
of the hour, the wounded stranger of St. Maurice and
Bergamini, the latter of whom had been dispatched by
him; nor was there any thing at the present moment of
the Piedmontese army of Victor or moral, in point of
great domination of the building. The little commu-
nication which had been established between the
Piedmontese and the French, was of a friendly kind
and guarantee of safety from the general, they unwel-
comed. Bergamini, the native of the valley, was
converted into a depot of military stores; the chapel
of the castle was filled with the wounded, the chamber
was filled with military carriages, and artillerymen
were in the apartments.

At an early hour of the following morning the
whole of the garrison of Aosta was under arms, and
under the parkway, surrounded by a crowd of anxious
inhabitants, who, with the most unbounded confidence
in their valour, and with the most implicit reliance
on the skill of their commanders, were waiting the
issue of the engagement. Bergamini, who had
been the first to announce the approach of the enemy,
was the first to announce the commencement of the
action. Legal, who, during the whole of the night,
had been lurking about the environs of the town,
had returned to the garrison with intelligence, that
the French had passed the mountains, and were
marching in the direction of Aosta.

"Your pardon!" exclaimed Aderno. "My conduct
has been unpardonable. Forgive me. I am unworthy
to be further entreated, and unnecessarily."

"Nay, nay, my friend," replied Bergamini, "think not that
the commencement of the republican army is to be
regarded as already the possession of the country.
Many fortresses remain in the hands of the Austrians,
and many countries of the house of Aderno. Another
day may see the fortune of the field in favour of the
country of your aid, and, on the back of a soldier, by
my soldiers to announce your success and the
commencement."

"The Countess Monicalde."

"Ah, ah!—no more, then, but a state prisoner!
your assistance—countess!—no matter! Lucindore
secure the lady address,—the old woman in the bal-
cony and your pardon in the corner,—that the first sound

ERS' SETTLEMENT.
SWEET Corn, Dwarf Corn, Sugar Corn, and Pumpkin Seed, for sale by
JOHN GRIGG, 316 and 317 Market street.

S BROTHERS,
IMPORTERS
AND COTTON
ELLAS,
ARNEY PARASOLS.
of any's and embroideries a
ment, comprising a complete as
ment of
ish Brighton, warmer tints,
ers and unglazed, unequaled;
ish and Scotch Ginghams,
surpassing all that genius dreams,
ssic, choicest visions charm the soul.
ish, or green, or blooming, all hues
the pebble, a charming variety
ood waters, gently flowing amid
the flowers that into it stoop and
ir beauties turn'd;
ers, as they drop'd and blush'd above
ish every morning with fresh
ers, and we'll wish an emerald hue,
ation filling new with bold
nery and
e wonders, filling wood and wave
ic mirth by joy unfetter'd
ing, gladness, and delight,
ling gaily, with no pause of fear,
with scenes from blossoming bliss
ed.

void, so high, so abstruse, all obscu-
ion, to the muse's glance, the sun
ously shines, and illumines
; whose dim distance becomes slow and blend
ing millions of the most withdrew.

subjects—soon—in grand array conclave,
ance not fearful of the world's cold King!
it is waiting for to Mind like Chief—
ants yet the pomp of peerless power!

ge alone, with a shadowy wand
or park and plain, in sun and shade,
loveliness of earth and sky,—
the noblest of all forms Divine,
ful of man!

The air was hush'd with awe;
ence, as every feel as thought;
the listening ear, and charmed;
d glances, in silence more grand,
ver yet, the perfect structure lay.
ished!" The air had scarce grown
d Spectre, breathing, claim as sphere:
and not darken'd to their depths,
and not the shadow of one heart
ind never quaked beneath his fair,
the prize, a common republic;
angle foot of man had ever trod
and been exhausted; no decay,
no scene, nor solitude of the vast
ne grace!' And yet it was not life!
, nor trance, nor any accident
ay hold in enquire there.
was not; no sense had been awak-
was yet in motion; in the brain,
ught, no contrivance moved.
—not from element one set,
ternal glow of solid mass;
ed but inorganic substance strange
ish, blood, without, of pore sublime—
rvous wisdom, only known
ts inside [—and, at that touch,
with throwed instance quick aroused
e work. The common elements
ntion, such as earth and air
to rival. Angels there beheld
symmetries, which God alone
ceive in thought, or frame in act. Herself,
, doesn't the glory of His skill,—
of His own Consuming Form!
had imagined, but the Maker saw,
ed in a faint diffusing tint.
ed, without, of pure sublime,—
rvous wisdom, only known
ts inside [—and, at that touch,
with throwed instance quick aroused
Harper's Mag.

ng Payments to the Customs
ment, by Daniel D. Tayloe's Com-
ntracts, by its former Cashier
ment, by Samuel Jaudon.
ed by
D. D. late of New York, Pro-
National College, Ohio.
ed by
ity Lands, and decided by
ed by
ed by
ed

Atkinson's Evening Post
Philadelphia Saturday News.

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF
GEORGE R. GRAHAM.
Letters to be addressed to J. C. Atkinson, Publisher.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1845.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

[Publication info, subscription terms, and boilerplate]

D. A. Bakley has been appointed agent at Jacksonville, Illinois.

Our accounts date at St. Francisville, La. have been forwarded to us by Messrs. W. S. Sheldon & Co. An early settlement is desirable.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the whereabouts of James Roberts, a convict, who probably resides a short distance from this city. His former residence is the Black Horse Tavern in north 3d street.

Also of P. Dutcher who recently left Lancaster, Pa. on a horse, and sold it in this city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The article by "*F. W. J.*" is short and judicious. We will insert it.

Our correspondent whose lines "*To Women*," were published in our last, points out an error in the third stanza. The line should have read

"*Kiss the lips of the fair.*"

"*S. S.*" will perceive that his communication has been attended to.

A line of the verses sent us by "*H. H.*" have been published in the Post.

The lines by "*G. W. P.*" are sadly out of joint, take the following:—

"I have roamed in her lady many a mile,
But you have always my way beguiled."

"*J. T.*" must excuse us if we interpret thus this

"Amelia then at her sa-the stood,
With light-the warbler to the wa."

On account of the accidental letter of our friend, the Burlington County Silk Grower, is delayed till next week.

We call the attention of our readers to the beautiful poem upon our first page. It is from the pen of the *Rev. Thos. H. Sheldon*. The source is of an high order, and cannot fail to add much to the reputation of the magazine for which it was written.

A TERRIBLE MATTER.

A case of great importance came before the Court of Criminal Sessions on Tuesday last, which fully proved the sagacity of our remarks a few weeks since, that the lawyers and the penny papers would soon come in contact. This case was an action of assault and battery, brought by one gentleman of the bar, against another member for a most diabolical assault upon his person, and a battery upon his head with the end of—the "Little Genius"—newspaper. It was a matter of public concern, inasmuch as the paper aforesaid, had become notorious for setting some folks rather hard. The prosecutor complained that he was sitting quietly in his office, when the assault was committed, and the counsel for the defendant, was much pained and impressed, with the responsibility of their situation. Never did such exert themselves to make an apology for such a dastardly outrage as the ordeavors. The jury determined to make an example of the offenders, and rendered a verdict in great damages, which, of course was, guilty. We regretted it much, that so heavy a case should be tried, without having a finger in the pie, but we had no business meddling with affairs that are not right to figure in such an important matter to future generations.

Seriously, however, we think, that the dignity of the profession would have been better consulted if the prosecution had never been instituted. Here was a frivolous matter, occurring between two young men, in the heat of passion, which occurs among children in the nursery every hour in the day, and yet forsooth, twelve sensible yeomen must be dragged from their daily avocations, the officers of the commonwealth, and some hundred spectators must lose a day to see that justice is done. The Court of Quarter Sessions is already in the jaws of two thousand dollars annually, and if business is to be multiplied by making it the business of the commonwealth to prosecute the disputes of Tom and Sam, because one of them has committed an assault with murderous intent upon the other, we think the best end of a newspaper, why truly the commonwealth will have something to do, and to pay for. It is the more disgraceful when such things occur with the members of the bar. We respect every member of the bar, both as well as individual character, and we hope after the disgraceful scene on Tuesday last, that every gentleman will be slow to bring forward law suits upon slight or imaginary grievances. The commonwealth, of course protects the rights of all, and even the most unimportant, and guards with a rigid strictness the right of personal security, and no case should be allowed to invade personal security with impunity, but surely there is a wide difference between the sudden burst of pride in a contest between two honorable and high minded young men, and the ruffian assault of an infuriated foe. The distinction should be observed, and dignity should be consulted as well as law, when we search for the latter, than we otherwise should, as it may serve for a precedent, to some, who otherwise would not have the temptation of instituting a prosecution for so small a matter, but finding these young blands of the law, leading the van, might be induced to follow in their train. We have law suits enough in all conscience without soliciting by such examples an increase of taxes.

THE ARCADE AND LOTTERIES.

We have been requested to call the attention of the managers of the Arcade, to certain documents existing in the Arcade, which call for some interference. The building was originally intended to be an ornament and a credit to the city, but it is now of late years, a den of one of the vilest purposes. That there have been private suspensions entertained for a long while, that there are daily transactions of business, that are disgraceful rather than honorable, we know well, but we were not aware that offices are open for the sale of lottery tickets, and that they escape the eyes of the ears of Maryland? No, sir, they would not; for with this unlicensed license of wealth opened to them, they would not only say, but stay and get in.

Commerce.—The *Germantown Telegraph* states that the Commerce on that neighborhood has not been so productive as usual, owing to uncommon cool results. Mr. Osler has 100,000 morus multicaulis growing, and Mr. Physick has 1,000,000.

Those who intend to lay up silk-worm eggs for next year's use, should immediately place them in an ice-house or a very cool cellar; an ice-house will answer them for hatching any time next season.

Mr. Happ's German Colony at Economy on the Ohio, is prosecuting the silk business with signal success: reeling, twisting, sewing silks, and plain silks of various kinds are made, as report goes, equal to any homespun.

THE SILK CULTURE AND MANUFACTURE.

The most unalloyed terms of praise are lavished upon Parchment, we are told, at modern days, and the most unbounded confidence. At all events, a gentleman called at our office a day or two since, and left with us a pamphlet of 30 200 pages, which we are told, embodies all the information of any consequence in the culture that has been published in this country, and that the most valuable articles are being fed throughout the United States, and Europe, at the rate of a very large premium, amounting to, if we recollect aright, 1 or 2 K. for each pamphlet. Suppose it be so, that the experiment of the silk culture and manufacture in the United States, is about to be fairly and fully tested, and that the public will be told here, that each of our citizens is now engaged in the culture of the mulberry, and the rearing of the silk worm. Many of them are no doubt too much engaged in the pursuit of wealth to have a bubble. But, still, in these days of the "Spirit of the Times," and the "Spirit of the Age," the thing may be properly carried out, and made available. Let us have a Silk Convention, and let the people know that these articles are better than the mulberry. We have one here, no worm for silk, and we have a Silk Convention, and we have a correspondent in each neighborhood to note down the experiments and results, and we have a Silk Convention, and we have a public meeting, and we have a public meeting every three months, and we have a Silk Convention, and we have a public meeting, and we have a Silk Convention

PHILADELPHIA PRICES OF STOCKS

Corrected daily from expressly for the Saturday Post and Mercury.

AUGUST 8th, 1850.

Loans.	Amount.	Par.	Bid.	Ask.	Remarks.
Pa. 5 per cent.	1,000,000	100	99	99	

THE OLIO

Variety is the Spice of Life.

That gives it all its flavour.

Written for the Female Fits and Saturday Items.

TO CAROLINE.

At midnight's hour and solemn hour,
When all around is peaceful;
When Fancy, with imperial power,
Enters dreamers o'er the will.

When Nature still, in deep repose,
In calmly resting from her toil;
Relieved, since night's welcome gloom,
From daylight's hustle and turmoil;

When Cynthia, with her silver rays,
Illuminates the emerald night;
While all's enveloped in a haze
Of mellow—beaming light;

When no disturbing sound is heard
To break the mother's softy rest
Of prowling beast, or chirping bird,
Amongst trees in secluded nest;

To thee I love to roam abroad,
To meet some solitary spot,
Where silence reigns as supereminge lord,
And none to barbs intrude not;

There to collect "inner Mentory's cell,"
To view the treasures it contendeth,
Treasured where thoughts of bygone days,
But he who dare his—Of influence feels.

Those treasures are the thoughts of thee,
Which posset upon my eager soul,
And conjure up delicacy,
That Reason's self cannot control.

I seem to see thine image fair
Before my wondering mind to night;
To see those brightly beaming eyes
Diffuse around a heavenly light;

Unmingled emotions fills my breast,
That look delight express inspire,
Besides chilling doubts and fears to rest,
Encouraging joy of desire.

And, dearest, may that wishing dream
Of mine to realized in time!
To me so worldly pleasure seem
So light—even promising to thee!

No visions fair of worldly gain!
No pageants of earth's lovelights;
Do drawings of ambition vain;
Nor pleasure dead or gorgeous dress;

Nought that dulcyes attractive mien
Can best communion with thee;
In precious magnet pure to seem,
Beyond all aim of rivalry.

I look to thee, as to that sphere—
Fair Terra's radiant satellite,
Thou all-enchanting dear appear,
Enamouring—luminous—lovely—bright!

Then deign to view with fav'ring eye,
To homage of a lordly heart!
Thou canst not, sure, thy love deny,
When fast closes will prove impart.

Chicago, July 5th 1870. A. A. N.

AN INCIDENT THEE WITH DELICIOUS CONSIDERATION.—The Cincinnati Sun tells a comical story of a young gentleman in that city, who "resorted to the following trick to get kisses from a couple of young ladies, he was waiting upon home from a fashionable party. At Cincinnati as well as here and "elsewhere," the girls leave a pretty moment of kissing at the door—by way of practicing, we suppose—upon bid-ding a soft good night, and the kiss upon either cheek is the usual salute. The gentleman in question had waited upon the young ladies home and had their fingers and their blossoms among the Backeye—to their father's rear, when discovering that little parting ceremony was about to be performed, he watched his opportunity, and just as the young ladies were on their way to each other, he pulled his face in between, receiving a delicious kiss on either cheek by a seduced young gentleman. Only think of it! A double harvest that from Cupid, and back paid as usual. He was half a mind to make a regular business of seeing the girls home two at a time. Wouldn't he do it?

FRENCHIFIED.—"Ma," said a little girl the other day who had recently entered her teens, "mamie I got married?" "Why child," said the amazed mother, "you are about to be confirmed, be attached in a sacramental sense, but not married in the sense you mean. Why do you ask?" "Because," said the little girl, "Mary Ann told me that when I was confirmed I was married to Jesus Christ, and I want to know." "Well, you may not think of such a thing. Don't you never ask me such foolish questions again. Married, indeed! I never was so shocked in my life!" "Well, ma, I don't see why I can't have a husband. *Annie I have a piece of bread and butter!*"—N. O. *Picayune.*

AS THICK AS THEEE IN A BIN.—"Mammy, who's gone to sleep in that air bed with Jim and John and Jack and Dick, and that nigger man what's here to-night?" "Why, Miss and Dick, to be sure."

WELLKNOWN.—"At your service," as the cleo said ven he "made" with the gentleman's plate.

"Solitary and alone I am left this half an hour," as the chap said ven played ten-pins by himself.

"To feel it not to feel," said the gentleman, as he bay said ven he beat a tune hunting.

"A double entendre to shake hands," as the pack pocket said in the crowd.

"I go in for the feminines," as the young man said ven he married a lady from drowning.

"A bold stroke for a husband," as the wife said ven her husband struck her.

WELL DONE.—When struck Jim Pearson? who struck Jim Pearson? He intended it was voter shoot up through the crowd assembled at the poll and intending a bloody fuss and then; struck out and was astonished to see the best person supplied counter in his right—to their shoot at the man who knocked down Jim Pearson?—and the infuriated hands rushed to collect him, and he little voter struggled up from his ballot box and struck out right and left—how large was that knocked down Jim Pearson?—"I knocked him down," said a voter stepping from the crowd—"and who have you to say about it?" "By my soul, but you did it like a man," replied the first, throwing very courteously.

Few who have ever contributed to keep the House of Commons in better humour than Joseph Hume, the veteran foe of Ministry's pecuniary to honour enables him to contribute to pun, do. While attending all over the various of the French Canadians, he exclaimed, —"I say, Sir, that they are the most genuine type of Europe (laughter)—say, or in Africa" (roars.) Mr. Hume, while dining on the great power of the Sublime" throughout England, spoke of the importance of the Reformers "in the house, and out of the country."

WHAT A BEEL.—A farmer lately wrote to a contributor of one of the Maine papers as follows:—"Gentleman, you will have the goodness to exert me a pun lot of cattle for a beef."

A physician accused at the shop of a country apothecary, and inquired for a Pharmacopœia—"No," said the apothecary, "I have of no such farmer living about these parts."

A LAWYER'S DECLARATION.

Ah me! my heart, with sorrow rented,
Has brought its action against every sense,
And served its sweet subpœna on my soul,
To which alas! I dare not take defence!

Knickerbocker.

The most important question for a young lady to ask when a man pops the question, says the Republican, "Do you take a newspaper and pay for it?" At many hours a day we are ready, in case he says we will. But if he says yes? pin him—he's your man by all means.

At a meeting for the choice of town officers, a Mr. Snow was chosen hogreeve, which occasioned the following unexpected pun:

Two suns of the town now stande content,
One Sole was chosen to govern all the rest.

A gentleman will always pay the postage on letters relating to a wife's property.

When you hear a young lady declare that she hates all men—after that some particular one has touched her heart—

"Your dress, madam, is a beautiful bottle green," said a gentleman the other morning to a lady. "And your face is a delicate pink," was the reply.

Was a printing office originally intended for a rather cunning cause? or an editor's tube for Tom, Dick and Harry to construct? It seems as they were are, but we may be mistaken.—*G. Fit.*

It strikes us that if we were to catch a lower contractor of the editorial mansion, we should be very loath to find him down stairs. "We may be mistaken."

CURIOUSITIES. A BEFORE.—Incidental Of—when a Cadet at West Point, visited the city of New York to consume with a friend, and was particularly struck with the city hall, which he announced with the exclamation of astonishment: "Well, that is the first of the kind I've seen!" "Why, I'm nothing by the powers, without any compound of this here to all, that that same object was never built in this country?"

Such a beautiful bell, and so agreeably enriched with the original touch of the tongue was presented. Ins, and a music from his countenance brought before the eyes of the young Irishman the error he had made.

"Och," he exclaimed in his hurry to correct himself, "I didn't mane that at all. I intended to have said, but spoke without thinking, that the one that built it, was never at the country."—*Bull Press.*

ANECDOTE OF THE REVOLUTION.

At the celebration of the 4th at Hartford, Connecticut, the following toast was given:

By the Hon. Joseph Trumbull, M. C. Delegate in Congress from Connecticut, after having signed his name to the Declaration of Independence, and during the war commissioner: If we are defeated in our struggle for independence, this day's work will make it stand for ever. I have held a commission in the rebel army; I have written for the rebel cause; I have been a traitor of a rebel Governor; and now I have affixed my name to this rebel Declaration. My children and children too are born to be pardoned by our royal master, and I am willing to die.

The other gentleman not stated: I believe my case is not at desperate, for I have had no commission in the rebel army; nor can it be proved that heretofore I have written, if I have, any thing offensive to the royal master.

The commander-in-chief present reply was: "Then, sir, you deserve to be hanged."

Mr. Trumbull: "Well, William Williams, a Patriot of '76—What that he might and in removing the father from his country's neck, never hesitated to sacrifice his own.

WELLKNOWN.—"You'll kill me with kindness," to the cat said when they let him walk stagnerized and reeling.

"Home," to the hour's paper said when he slipped out of you door and went to the nearest grocery and took a drink.

"That's a very fine," as the ox said when it chopped off the man's foot upon.

"Do you mean to make" to the muffins said to the cat-ter.

"I don't care for me," as the contractor said when he/she charged two cents more a pound for beef.

"Almost in my own dominion," as the sheriff said he shut the wolf tether.

"I'm a-go," as the sky-rocket said ven they touched fire to it.

"Life of the first order," as the mile-race said when he commenced asked him if he was well over.

"I'm in for it," as the looter said when he tumbled into a brewer's vat.

"Opposition is the life of trade," as the skyrocket said to the fire.

"That's tough soup," as the horse-radish said to the grater.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.

In the forests of Tartary and South America, where the wild beast is pursued for the sake of his fur or its hideous, which, being ill prepared for tanning or dressing, are sometimes thrown away, and that their safety is in flight, when they sleep, appears not in trees on which no animal can climb, and in the ancient. It is soon reproduces, the ancient wake towards the sun as if to encourage it to rise, and when it has burned from coming near; if the sun continues, in the evening, to give out its rays, they remain awake all night, and all gallop away, the smallest bringing up the rear. Nobody has come to inquire into the grounds of this strangement, supposing it to be a horse belonging to some neighbouring farmer, and, as the sun, and not the road, surrounded to wrest the unfortunate from the dangers of which he was the cause of the highway, and hide himself in a ditch, or, when discovered, to fight for his life. The reasoning of latter is powerful; but I know not if any society circumstantial evidence. Some years ago the Duke of Beaufort's country, where resorted, long before dawn, a deserted scene of activity, and after a strict search was found concealed in a wretched hovel, in which he had built a willow trough hanging over the pond. The concealed a dog, which had been lost for a week or so known to him, is equal. He used to be led to a pheasant's nest, and, when the young ones might be stupid his head out of the collar, and, returning from the pond, put on the collar again, in order to conceal his nocturnal excursions. Nobody has more intimately with animals, and who possess the great knowledge of his own species that my excellent, refined, and accomplished friend, Mr. Bennett, and he more many curious cases himself. His anecdote of Stevens's dog is a good one. Stevens, as he was happened, near Hastings, to meet a chaise. The man had brought 17 or 18 cages from London, which, remaining three days mixed with another bird. He then sent to the man's house, and, having taken out and singled out those very birds. The Sergeant's brother, a lawyer, a highly amiable man, kept Sheriff of London has a dog that distinguishes Saturday from other days of the week. He knows that Sunday, which he dislikes. He will escape on Saturday, and, though he will return on Monday, the Sergeant himself had a gander which was at a distance from the house, and, when he makes an extraordinary noise, the neck and put his head into the cage, and he would walk the passage one by one, and put them into it with their mother whose separation they had thus occasioned. Having done this, he returned to the place whence the cries had called him, and, having waited a little, he put up the young in a sack and carried it to a spot in the College des Quatre Nations, on the other side of the river, and there let them out. I know right. Its strength being exhausted in rear ing the young, it was unable to swim, and, having reached the bank of which it was known to be its home, it walked up to the house, and, having waited a little, it was let in by the servants, and, having been fed, it was carried to the place whence the cries had called him